

# RACKET SQUAD

## IN ACTION



A LAW AND ORDER PUBLICATION

10¢ NO 3  
CPC



EXPOSING THE MOST NOTORIOUS OF ALL RACKETS...  
**THE BLACKMAIL RACKET!**



[illegible]



...AND  
DON'T  
FORGET  
THE  
COFFEE!

ANOTHER  
SHORT CHANGE  
GYP...

ALL I HAD WAS COFFEE...  
BUT I'D BETTER CHANGE A  
BUCK. I HAVE TO MAKE  
A PHONE CALL.

TEN CENTS OUT OF  
A DOLLAR... AND  
THE PHONE'S RIGHT  
OVER THERE.



NOW, WHERE DID I WRITE  
THAT PHONE NUMBER?



WHEN I WROTE DOWN MY MOTHER'S  
PHONE NUMBER, I HADN'T ANY-  
WHERE TO WRITE IT EXCEPT ON  
A DOLLAR BILL, SEE IF THERE'S  
WRITING ON THE ONE I GAVE  
YOU...



HERE IT IS...  
THIS MUST  
BE IT!

OH, THANKS,  
SO MUCH. HERE  
TAKE THIS  
DOLLAR BILL  
INSTEAD...



OH... BY THE WAY...  
DON'T FORGET TO  
TAKE OUT FOR  
MY COFFEE!

OH, YES.  
OF  
COURSE.



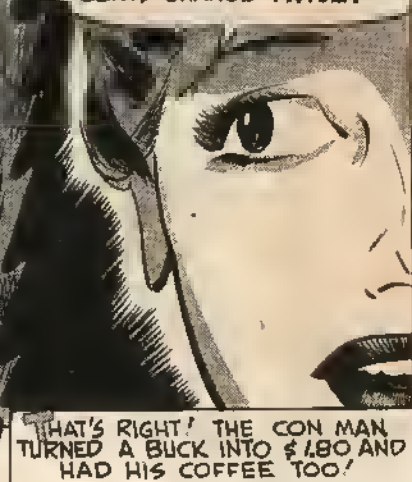
HERE YOU ARE, SIR. TEN CENTS  
OUT OF A DOLLAR.



"AND HE WAS SUCH AN  
HONEST MAN TO REMIND  
ME ABOUT THE COFFEE..."



HEY, WAIT! WHY, THE CHEAP  
CROOK... I GAVE HIM NINETY  
CENTS CHANGE TWICE!

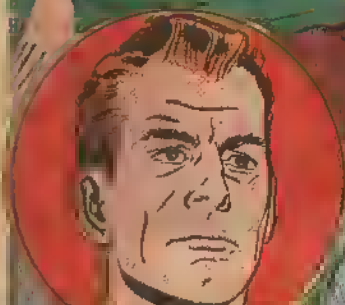


"THAT'S RIGHT! THE CON MAN  
TURNED A BUCK INTO \$1.80 AND  
HAD HIS COFFEE TOO!"

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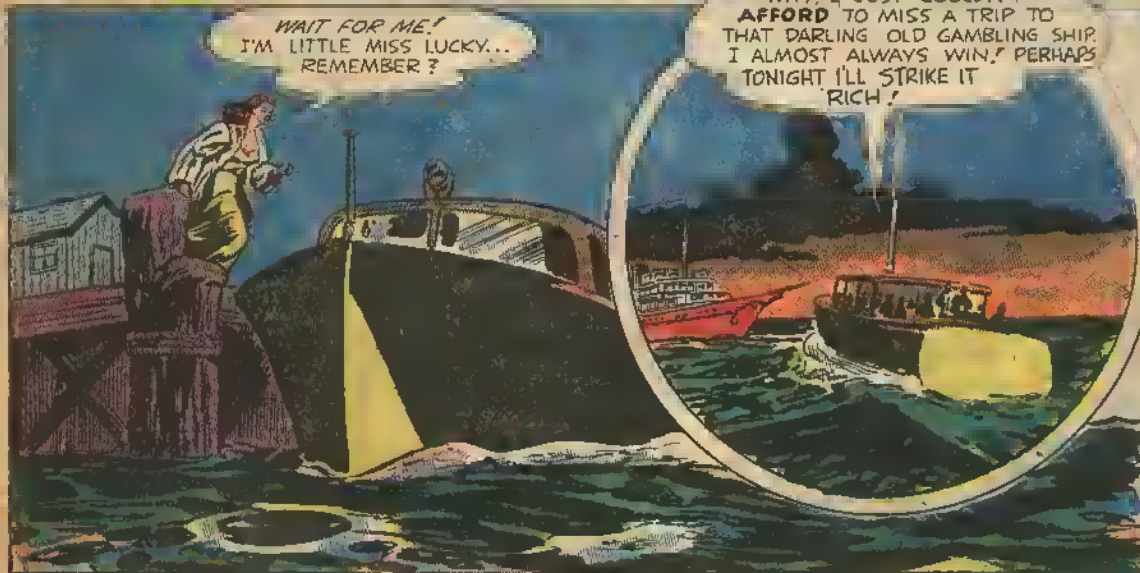
## GAIL SHELTON NEVER GUESSED SHE WAS A VICTIM OF... THE **BLACKMAIL RACKET**

UNTIL SHE TOLD HER STORY TO THE LAW AND  
FOUND IT IN HER FAVOR!!!



INSPECTOR O'MALLEY

WHEN YOU GET MIXED UP WITH SHADY PEOPLE, THE SHADOWS OFTEN LENGTHEN... AND NEXT THEY GATHER YOU IN. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO GAIL SHELTON, A NICE ENOUGH GIRL WHO HAD SOME BRAINS BUT A LOT MORE MONEY. GAIL THOUGHT IT WAS A LARK TO VISIT MARK ROYAL'S GAMBLING SHIP, THE S.S. MERRIMETHER, WHICH WAS MOORED OUT BEYOND THE TWELVE MILE LIMIT. SHE THOUGHT SHE COULD AFFORD IT, TOO, IF SHE PLAYED HER CHIPS CAREFULLY... BUT READ ON!!!



WAIT FOR ME!  
I'M LITTLE MISS LUCKY...  
REMEMBER?

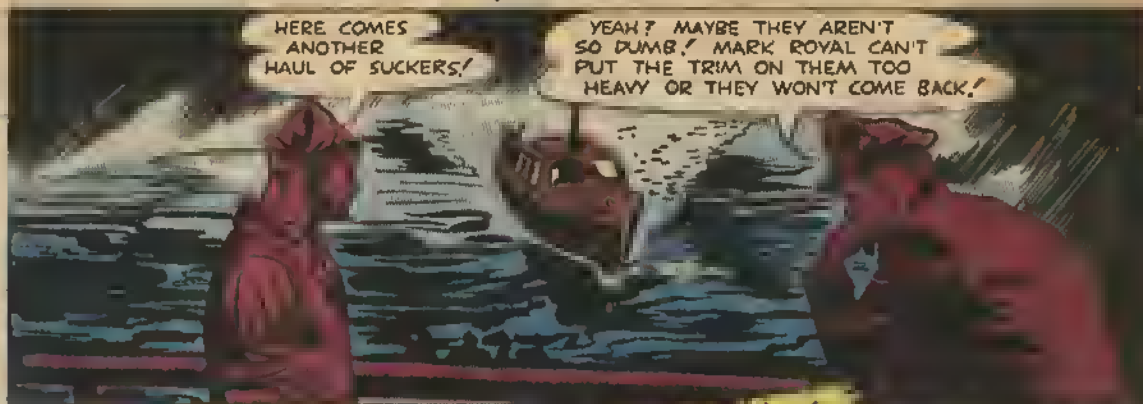
WHY, I JUST COULDN'T  
AFFORD TO MISS A TRIP TO  
THAT DARLING OLD GAMBLING SHIP.  
I ALMOST ALWAYS WIN! PERHAPS  
TONIGHT I'LL STRIKE IT  
RICH!



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

HERE COMES  
ANOTHER  
HAUL OF SUCKERS!

YEAH? MAYBE THEY AREN'T  
SO DUMB. MARK ROYAL CAN'T  
PUT THE TRIM ON THEM TOO  
HEAVY OR THEY WON'T COME BACK!



TAKE THAT PIGEON AS A  
CASE. SHE HASN'T MISSED  
A NIGHT IN THE PAST MONTH,  
SO SHE MUST BE WINNING.  
I'LL BET MARKS KEEPS  
AN EYE ON HER!



MARK ROYAL HAD AN  
EYE ON GAIL SHELTON...  
TOO CLOSE AN EYE!

HERE'S THAT GAIL  
SHELTON WE WERE  
TALKING ABOUT, FRED.  
TAKE A LOOK AT HER  
THROUGH THE ONE-  
WAY MIRROR.



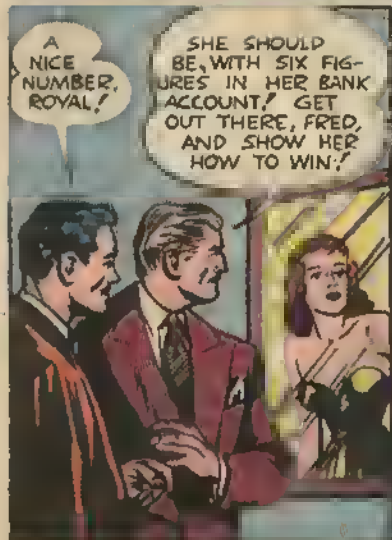
PARDON ME, BUT  
COULD I SQUEEZE  
IN HERE AND  
PLAY A CHIP  
OR TWO?

ANOTHER WIN!  
WHY, THE WAY  
YOU'VE BEEN  
PYRAMIDING YOUR  
BETS IS UNCANNY!  
YOU ARE LUCKY,  
MISTER!

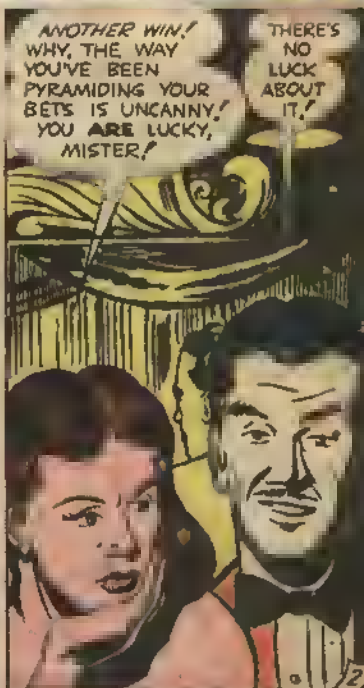
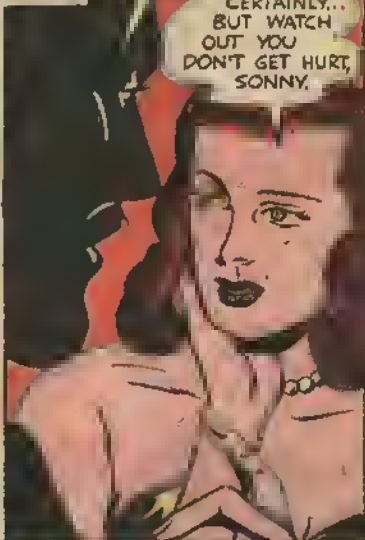
THERE'S  
NO LUCK  
ABOUT  
IT!

A  
NICE  
NUMBER,  
ROYAL!

SHE SHOULD  
BE, WITH SIX FIG-  
URES IN HER BANK  
ACCOUNT! GET  
OUT THERE, FRED,  
AND SHOW HER  
HOW TO WIN!



CERTAINLY...  
BUT WATCH  
OUT YOU  
DON'T GET HURT,  
SONNY.



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

I'M PLAYING A SYSTEM  
MY FATHER USED AT MONTE  
CARLO. IT'S MATHEMATICALLY  
IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO LOSE...  
HALF ON THE RED... HALF  
ON THE ODD.



SINCE YOU'RE SO SURE  
OF YOURSELF, I'LL MAKE THE  
SAME PLAY! NOW LET'S SEE  
THAT SYSTEM CLICK!



LATER...

NUMBER THIRTEEN!  
IT'S RED AND ODD  
BOTH. WE WON DOUBLE  
THAT TRIP!

I TOLD  
YOU WE  
CAN'T  
LOSE!



AM I GLAD I MET YOU,  
MR. LARCH. WHY, WE PRACTICALLY  
BROKE THE BANK. BUT AREN'T  
YOU GOING TO TEACH ME  
YOUR SYSTEM?

OF COURSE.  
CASH IN  
YOUR CHIPS  
AND WE'LL  
GO ASHORE.



MEANWHILE...

FRED'S TIPPING US OFF  
THAT THE DAME FELL FOR HIS  
LINE. THE NEXT ACT WILL BE  
UP AT HIS PLACE AND YOU  
WILL BE IN IT, ZIGGY!

OKAY,  
ROYAL.  
I'LL  
BE  
THERE!

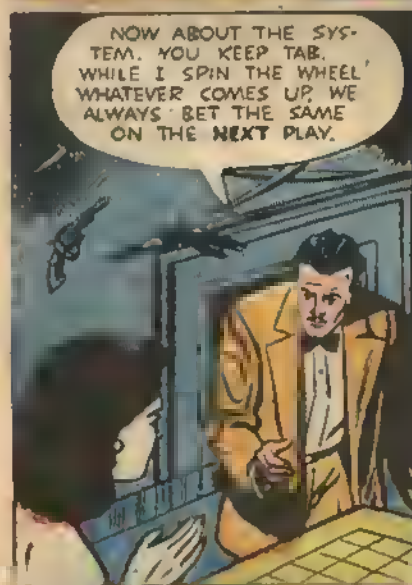
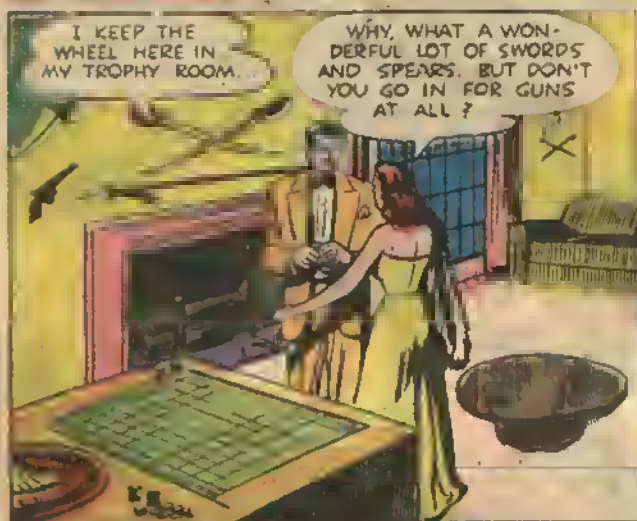


YOUR FATHER  
MUST HAVE BEEN A  
MATHEMATICAL  
WIZARD.

HE WAS.  
BUT STILL IT  
TOOK ME THREE  
YEARS TO TEST  
OUT THE  
SYSTEM.



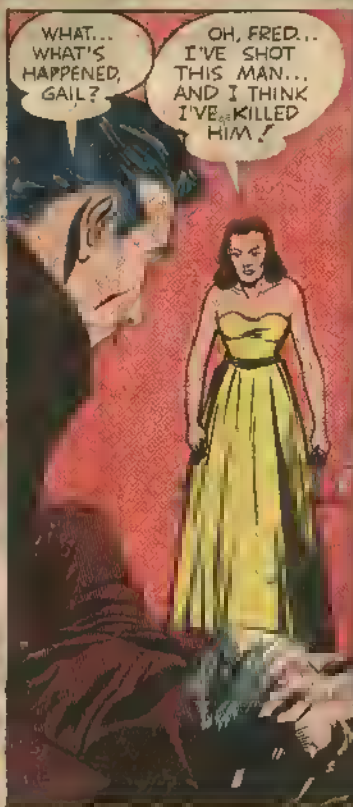
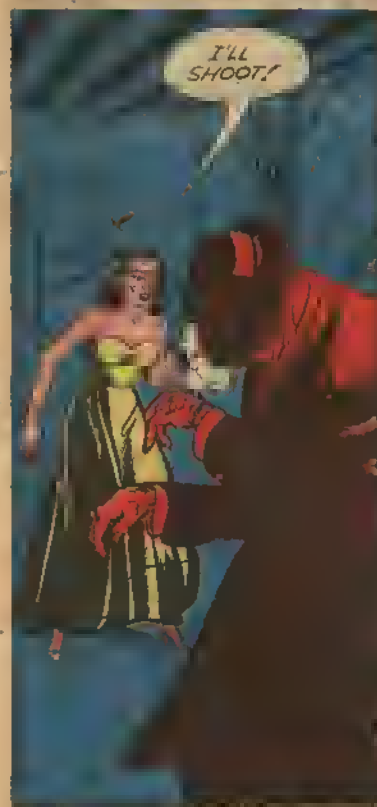
# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION





# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

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# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



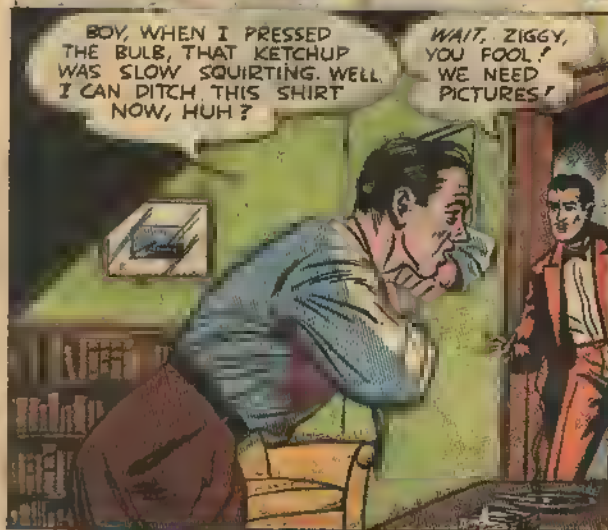
BUT FRED,  
I CAN'T LET YOU  
TAKE THE BLAME...

I SAID I'LL HANDLE  
THIS, GAIL. SO ABOVE  
ALL, DON'T MAKE A  
SCENE. NOBODY MUST  
KNOW THAT YOU  
WERE HERE.



AS SOON AS GAIL WAS GONE, FRED  
WENT BACK UPSTAIRS AND FOUND  
A VERY HEALTHY DEAD MAN  
WAITING TO GREET HIM!!!

HI, FRED! I GUESS MY DIVE  
CONVINCED THE DAME THAT SHE'D  
REALLY CROAKED ME, HUH?  
THOSE BLANK BULLETS  
SURE SOUND REAL.

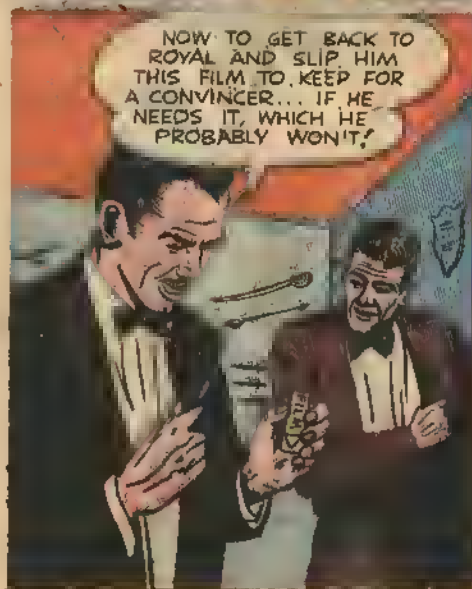


BOY, WHEN I PRESSED  
THE BULB, THAT KETCHUP  
WAS SLOW SQUIRTING. WELL,  
I CAN DITCH THIS SHIRT  
NOW, HUH?

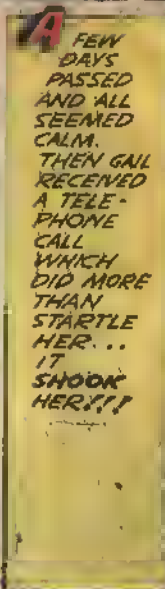
WAIT, ZIGGY,  
YOU FOOL!  
WE NEED  
PICTURES!



THAT'S ABOUT WHERE  
YOU WERE. ANYWAY,  
IT WILL DO.



NOW TO GET BACK TO  
ROYAL AND SLIP HIM  
THIS FILM TO KEEP FOR  
A CONVINER... IF HE  
NEEDS IT, WHICH HE  
PROBABLY WON'T!



A FEW  
DAYS  
PASSED  
AND ALL  
SEEMED  
CALM.  
THEN GAIL  
RECEIVED  
A TELE-  
PHONE  
CALL  
WHICH  
DID MORE  
THAN  
STARTLE  
HER...  
IT  
SHOOK  
HER!!!



WHAT'S THAT...  
A DEAD MAN?  
BUT I... I  
DON'T KNOW  
ABOUT A  
DEAD MAN...

YOU KNOW  
ABOUT THIS DEAD  
MAN, SISTER, AND  
HE'S THE KIND  
THAT WILL TELL  
TALES IF YOU DON'T  
COUGH UP  
FIVE GRAND!

# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



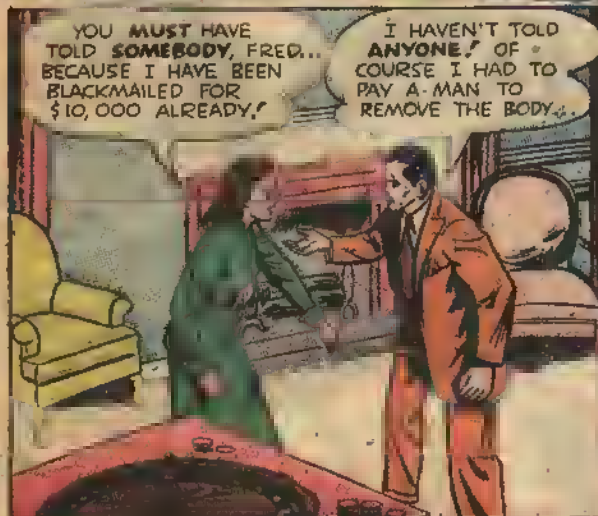
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS... WELL, I CAN AFFORD IT, I GUESS! ANYWAY, IT MEANS THE END OF THIS HORRIBLE MESS...

**B**UT IT WASN'T THE END... IT WAS JUST THE START! A WEEK LATER GAIL WAS TAPPED FOR ANOTHER \$5,000 AND THE NEXT WEEK THERE WAS A DEMAND FOR \$10,000... THAT WAS TOO MUCH...



FRED, I MUST TALK TO YOU. IT'S MORE THAN URGENT. IT... IT'S CRITICAL!

TAKE IT EASY, GAIL. UNTIL WE GET UPSTAIRS!



YOU MUST HAVE TOLD **SOMEONE**, FRED... BECAUSE I HAVE BEEN BLACKMAILED FOR \$10,000 ALREADY!

I HAVEN'T TOLD **ANYONE!** OF COURSE I HAD TO PAY A MAN TO REMOVE THE BODY...



AND HE MIGHT HAVE SEEN THIS SCARF YOU LEFT IN YOUR HURRY. THEN OF COURSE, THERE WAS THE DOOR MAN... AND THE CABBY...

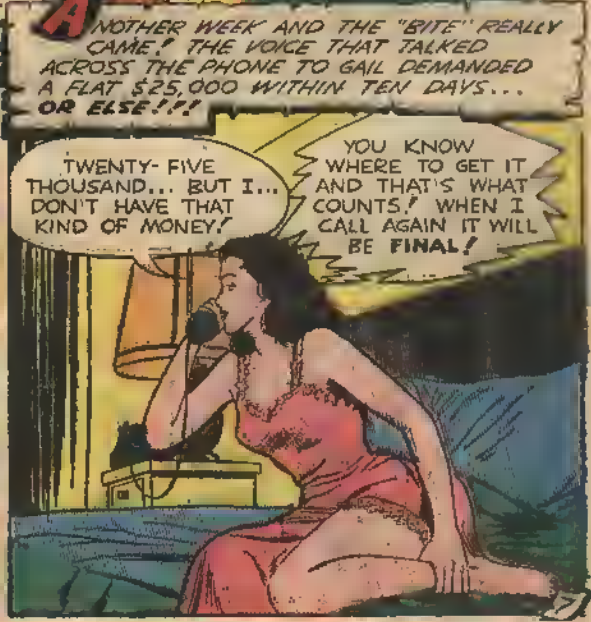
DON'T GO ON, FRED! I'D BETTER PAY!



**LATER...**

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE SHELTON DAME. SHE'LL LEAVE THE TEN GRAND WHERE YOU TOLD HER...

SHE'S ALREADY LEFT IT. NOW SHE'S READY FOR A BIG TRIM... WITH ZIGGY'S PICTURE IF WE NEED IT.



**A**NOTHER WEEK AND THE "BITE" REALLY CAME! THE VOICE THAT TALKED ACROSS THE PHONE TO GAIL DEMANDED A FLAT \$25,000 WITHIN TEN DAYS... OR ELSE!!!

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND... BUT I... DON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF MONEY!

YOU KNOW WHERE TO GET IT AND THAT'S WHAT COUNTS! WHEN I CALL AGAIN IT WILL BE FINAL!



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



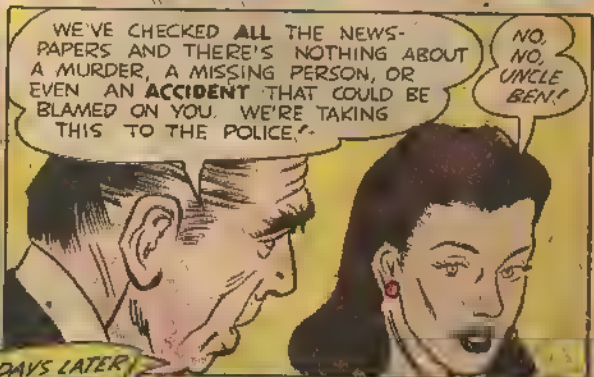
I WANT TO SELL MY SHORE PROPERTY RIGHT AWAY, UNCLE BEN. I... WELL, I NEED MONEY...

ARE YOU CRAZY, GAIL? WHY, YOU NEED MONEY LIKE A HOLE IN YOUR HEAD!



DON'T... DON'T SAY THAT, IT SOUNDS LIKE MURDER, AND THAT'S WHAT I'M GUILTY OF, **MURDER!**

GET COHERENT, GAIL. WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?



WE'VE CHECKED ALL THE NEWS-PAPERS AND THERE'S NOTHING ABOUT A MURDER, A MISSING PERSON, OR EVEN AN ACCIDENT THAT COULD BE BLAMED ON YOU. WE'RE TAKING THIS TO THE POLICE.

NO, NO, UNCLE BEN!



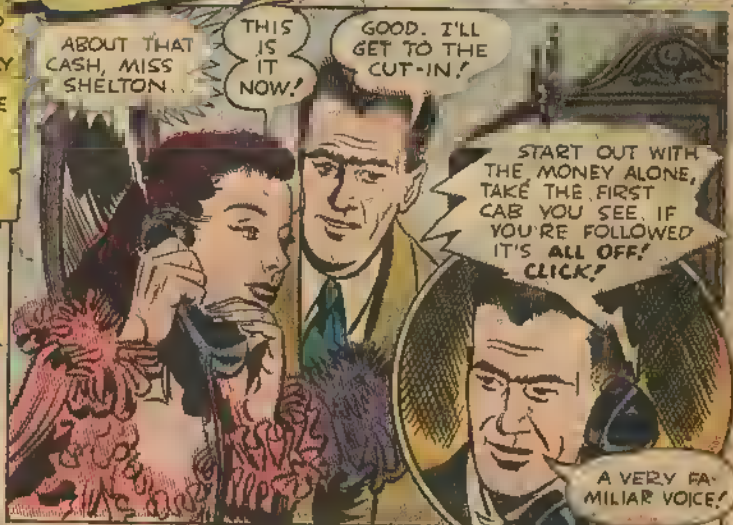
UNCLE BEN WON OUT. WHEN HE AND GAIL CAME TO MY OFFICE THEIR STORY HAD A FAMILIAR RING WITH ALL THE EAR-MARKS OF AN OLD RACKET. THERE WAS ONE WAY TO BLOCK IT. I SPOTTED THAT, TOO.

A FEW DAYS LATER

ABOUT THAT CASH, MISS SHELTON...

THIS IS IT NOW!

GOOD. I'LL GET TO THE CUT-IN!



START OUT WITH THE MONEY ALONE, TAKE THE FIRST CAB YOU SEE, IF YOU'RE FOLLOWED IT'S ALL OFF! **CLICK!**

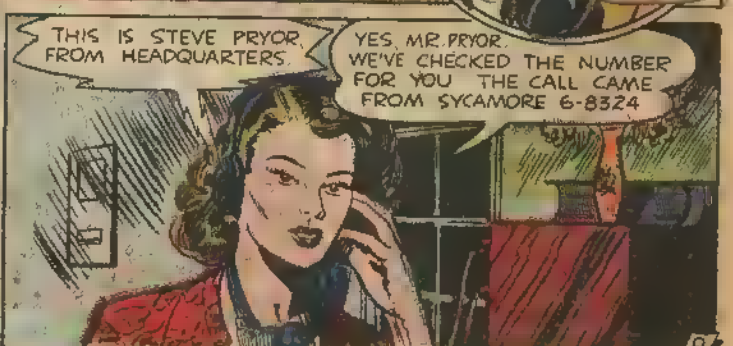
A VERY FAMILIAR VOICE!

WE COULD GUESS WHO IS BEHIND THE GAME, BUT I WANT PROOF. I'M ASSIGNING STEVE PRYOR, MY BEST MAN, TO CHECK THAT FINAL PHONE CALL WHEN IT COMES.

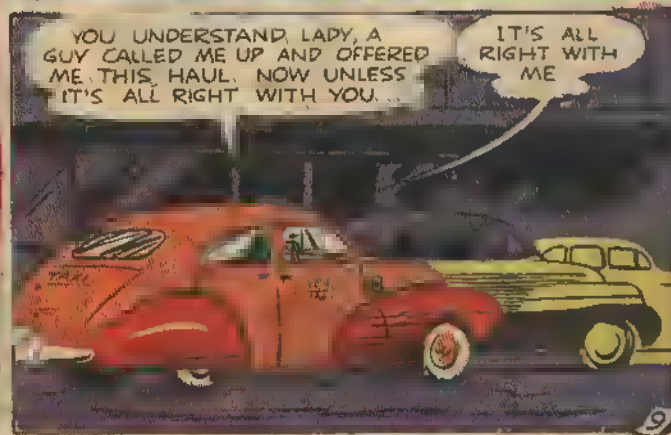
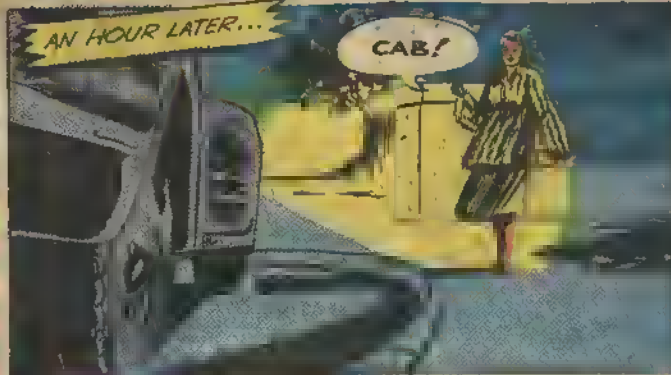
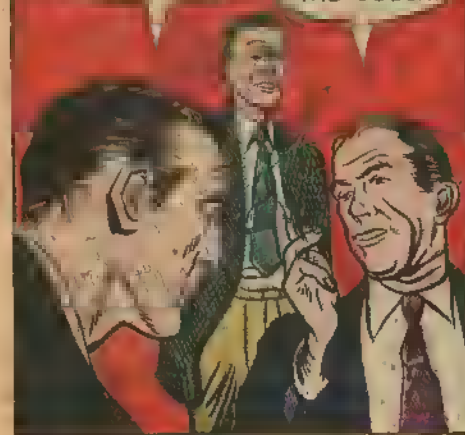
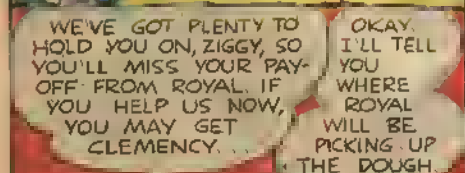
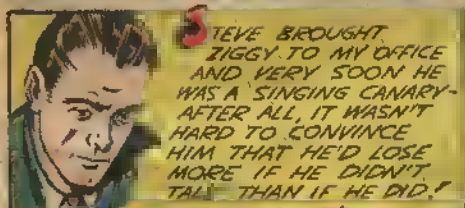
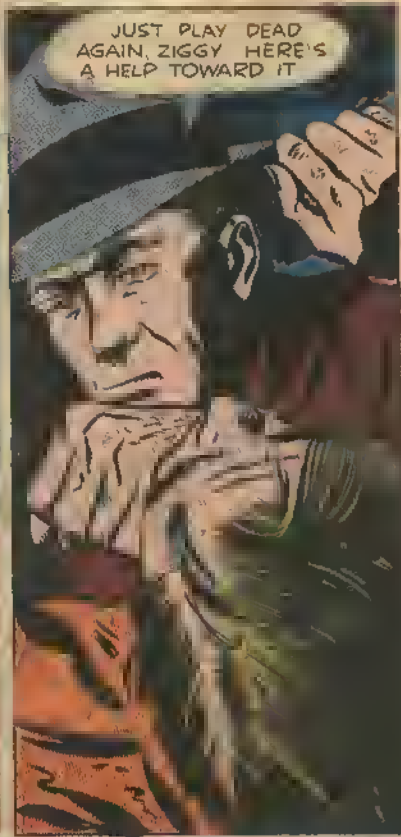
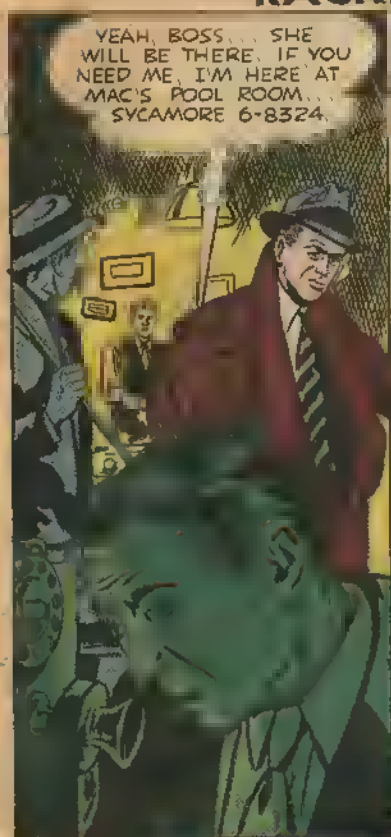


THIS IS STEVE PRYOR, FROM HEADQUARTERS.

YES, MR. PRYOR, WE'VE CHECKED THE NUMBER FOR YOU. THE CALL CAME FROM SYCAMORE 6-8324.



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION





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# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

**N**OBODY COULD BEAT FRISCO PARRY AT THE FAMOUS GAME OF "THREE CARD MONTE" UNTIL POLICE INSPECTOR J.J. O'MALLEY DECIDED TO...

# FIND THE LADY

...AND MAKE CROOKS REALLY SHOW THEIR HANDS!

STAN  
CAMPBELL

THERE YOU  
ARE BOYS. JUST  
KEEP YOUR EYE  
ON THE QUEEN!  
WE'LL DEAL THEM  
ONE, TWO,  
THREE...



AND THERE YOU ARE!  
NOW, GENTLEMEN...ALL  
YOU HAVE TO DO IS FIND  
THE LADY...

I'M BETTING MY  
WHOLE ROLL THAT THE  
QUEEN'S THERE IN  
THE MIDDLE!

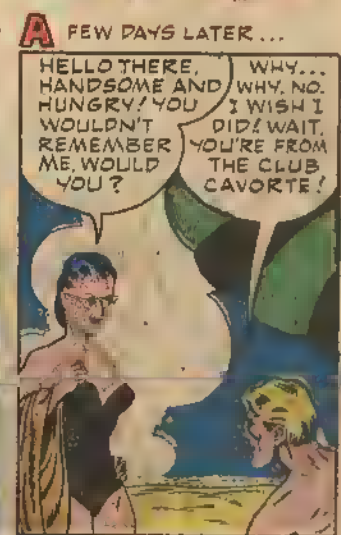
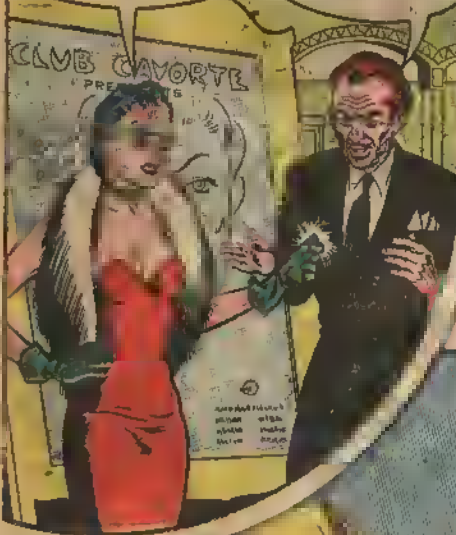
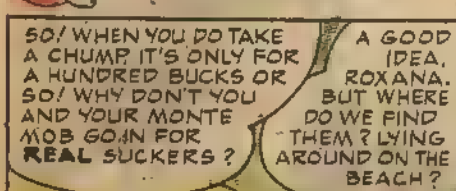
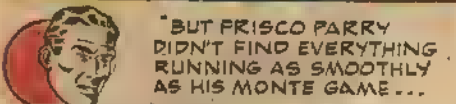
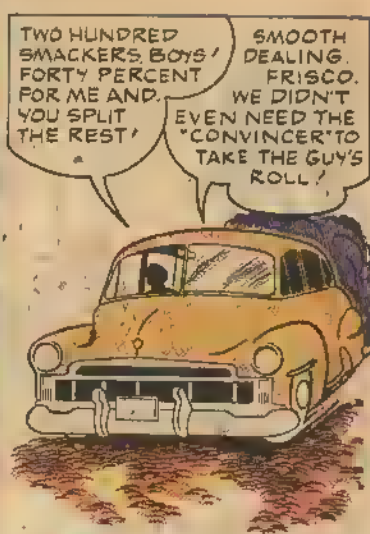
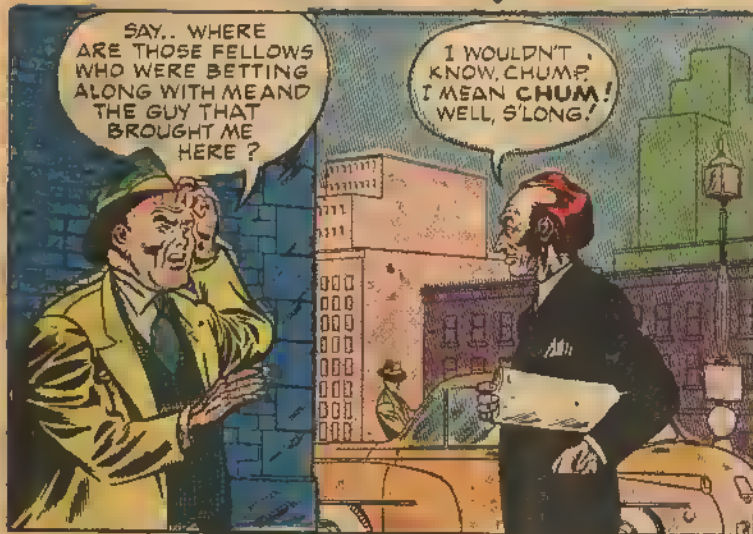


SORRY, FRIEND, BUT THE  
QUEEN IS OVER HERE. YOU  
CAN TURN UP THE MIDDLE  
CARD YOURSELF. I'LL  
TAKE THE MONEY!

HEY!



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

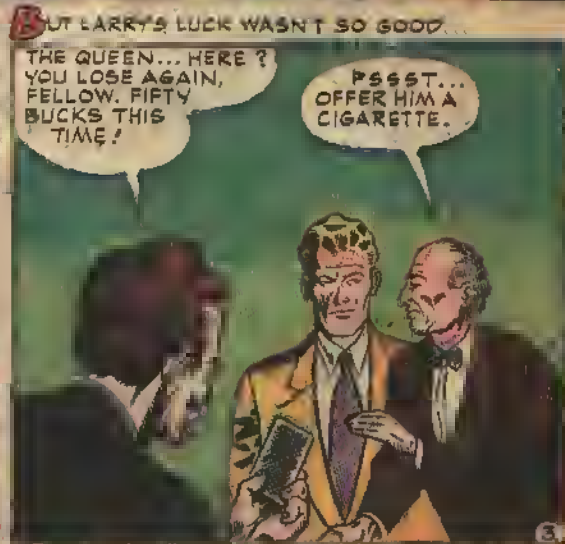
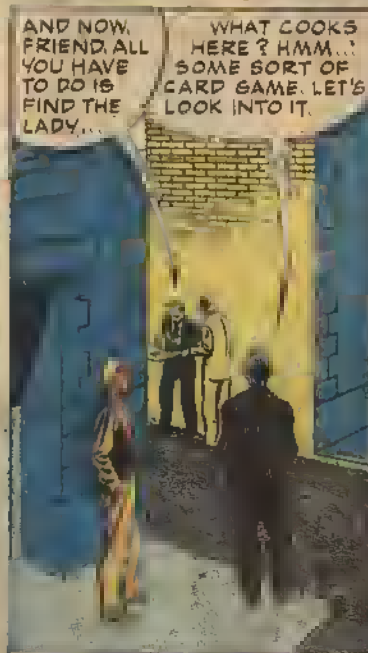




# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



**H**ALF AN HOUR LATER...



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

WHILE LARRY DISTRACTS FRISCO'S ATTENTION, PINK QUICKLY LEANS OVER THE CARDS AND BENDS UP ONE CORNER OF THE QUEEN...

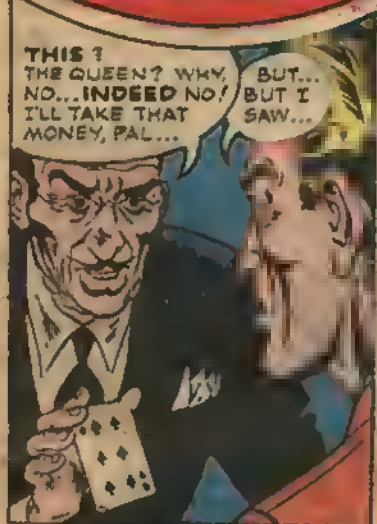
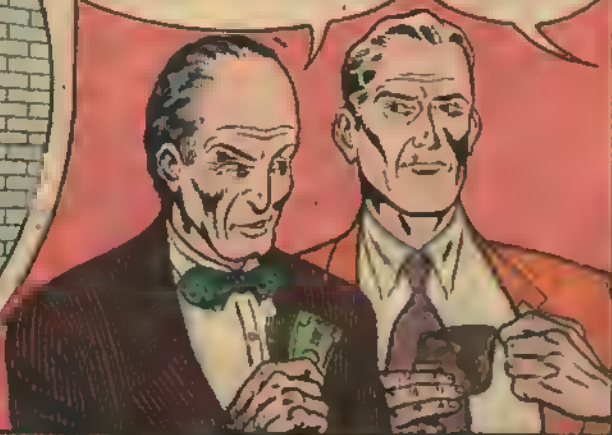


A CIGARETTE? I WOULDN'T MIND ONE, PAL. AFTER ALL, WE'RE JUST MATCHING WITS... AND WE CAN BOTH BE GOOD LOSERS, RIGHT?

RIGHT!

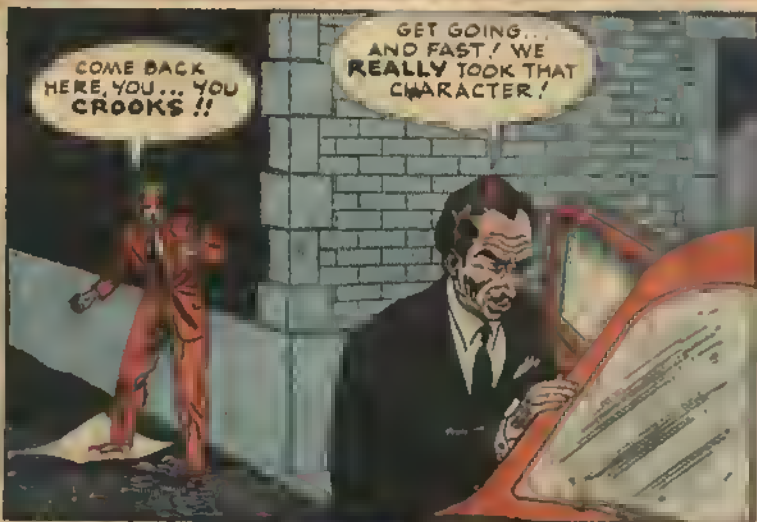
WE CAN BET ALL THE BOODLE IN OUR BUNDLES THIS TIME, I BENT THE CORNER OF THE QUEEN!

AND THE SKY IS THE LIMIT... JUST FIND THE LADY...



THIS? THE QUEEN? WHY, NO... INDEED NO! I'LL TAKE THAT MONEY, PAL...

BUT... BUT I SAW...



COME BACK HERE, YOU... YOU CROOKS !!

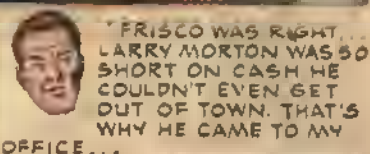
GET GOING... AND FAST! WE REALLY TOOK THAT CHARACTER!

LATER... AT THE CLUB CAYOTE...



ONE THOUSAND... JUST FOR YOUR SHARE! WELL, I TOLD YOU HE WAS WELL HEELED! BUT WHAT IF HE COMES BACK HERE?

HE WON'T! HE HASN'T ANY DOUGH LEFT TO BLOW IN A CLIP JOINT LIKE THIS...



FRISCO WAS RIGHT, LARRY MORTON WAS SO SHORT ON CASH HE COULDN'T EVEN GET OUT OF TOWN. THAT'S WHY HE CAME TO MY

OFFICE...

I'M GLAD YOU CAME HERE, MORTON. USUALLY VICTIMS OF THE MONTE GAME FEEL TOO EMBARRASSED TO TELL THEIR STORY.

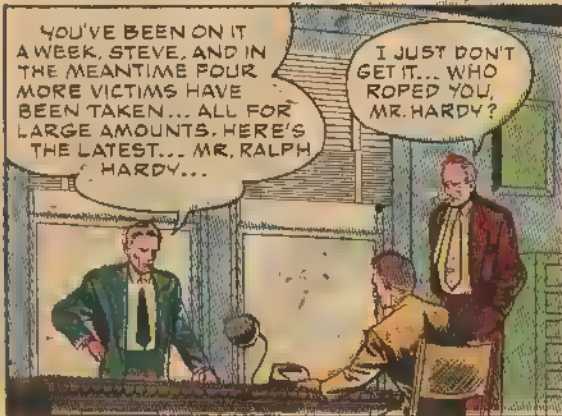
THEY PICKED ME SO CLEAN, INSPECTOR. THAT I'D BE ARRESTED FOR VAGRANCY IF I DIDN'T MAKE A COMPLAINT. SO I'M MAKING ONE...





# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

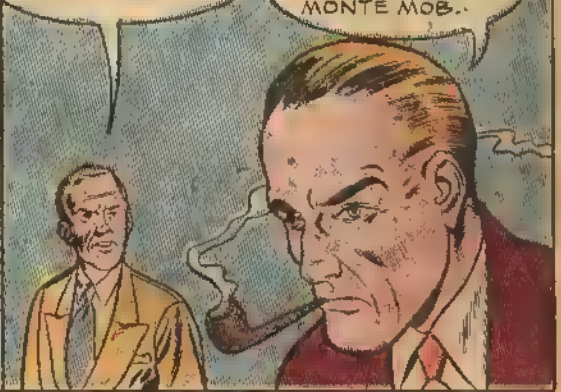
"IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN EASY TO TRACK DOWN A MONTE MOB IN A RESORT TOWN LIKE SEAVIEW BEACH... BUT MY BEST OPERATIVE, STEVE PRYOR, KEPT DRAWING BLANKS UNTIL ...



"YOU'VE BEEN ON IT A WEEK, STEVE, AND IN THE MEANTIME FOUR MORE VICTIMS HAVE BEEN TAKEN... ALL FOR LARGE AMOUNTS. HERE'S THE LATEST... MR. RALPH HARDY..."

"I JUST DON'T GET IT... WHO ROPED YOU, MR. HARDY?"

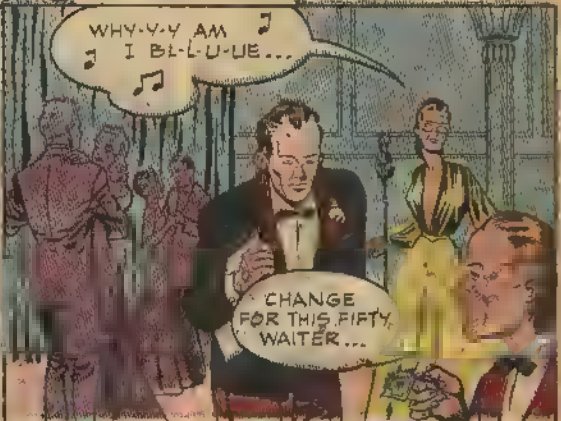
A TOTAL STRANGER! I'M SURE HE WASN'T AT THE CLUB CAVORTE LAST NIGHT, NOR ON THE BEACH TODAY WHEN I MET ROXANA DELL, WHO SINGS... NEVER MIND ALL THAT... LET'S JUMP AHEAD TO THE MONTE MOB..



WAIT, STEVE! LET'S GO BACK INSTEAD! THE MONTE DEALER'S SLOGAN IS 'FIND THE LADY... AND THAT'S WHAT WE'LL DO. SHE COULD HAVE SPOTTED MR. HARDY'S BANKROLL FOR THE MOB!



"THAT NIGHT I HAD STEVE PRYOR FLASH A SIZEABLE ROLL AT THE CLUB CAVORTE... PARTICULARLY FOR THE BENEFIT OF ROXANA DELL ...



WHY-Y-Y AM I BL-L-U-UE...

CHANGE FOR THIS FIFTY, WAITER...

AND THE NEXT DAY ON THE BEACH WE FOUND THE LADY... AS I EXPECTED...



HI, HANDSOME! WEREN'T YOU AROUND THE CLUB CAVORTE LAST NIGHT?

WHY... WHY, YES.

STAY WITH STEVE. I'LL HANDLE THE GIRL...

LATER...



A POLICE INSPECTOR! WHY I HAVEN'T DONE A THING...

THAT WE'LL FIND OUT WHEN WE BRING IN YOUR FRIENDS!

# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

THEY ROPED STEVE AND WE'VE SPOTTED A GETAWAY CAR WAITING FOR THE MONTE MOB.

PICK UP THE DRIVER AND NAB THE REST LATER.



NATURALLY, STEVE PLAYED THE PERFECT FALL-GUY, EVEN BITING FOR THE BENT CORNER "CONVINCER"... UNTIL IT CAME TIME TO PAY OFF...

THE QUEEN? NO. IT'S JUST A SPOT CARD. YOU LOSE, CHUM...

WAIT. I'VE SOMETHING MORE FOR YOU...

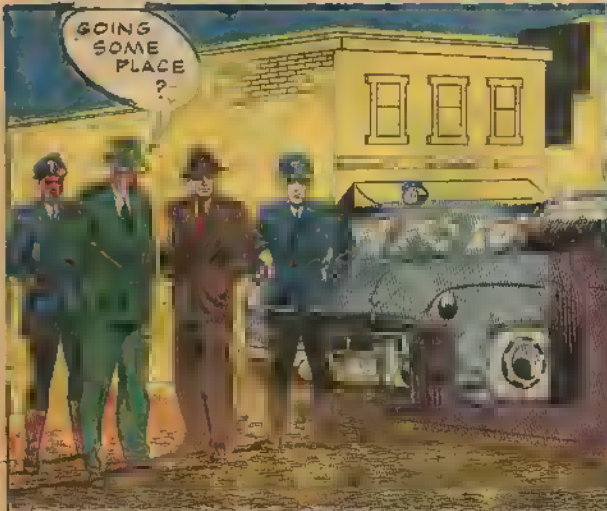


THESE!

COP! BEAT IT, BOYS!



GOING SOME PLACE?



COPS! THEY'VE GRABBED OUR GETAWAY CAR...



LATER...

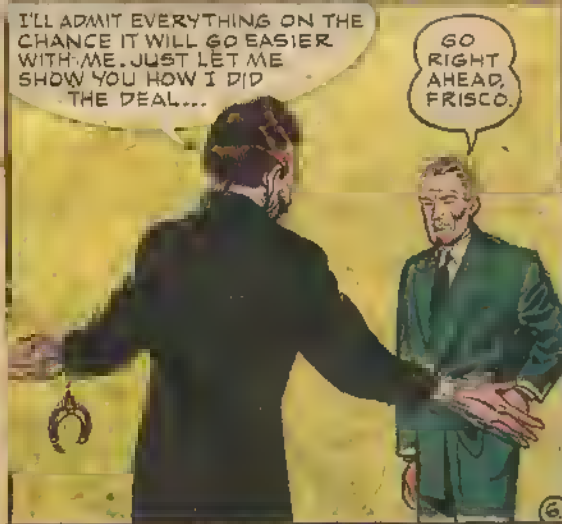
YOU'RE A BIT DUMB YOURSELF, ROXANA... ALL WE WANTED TO HEAR YOU SAY WAS THAT YOU KNOW THIS CROOK!

WHY YOU DUMB CLUCK! GETTING YOURSELF NABBED...



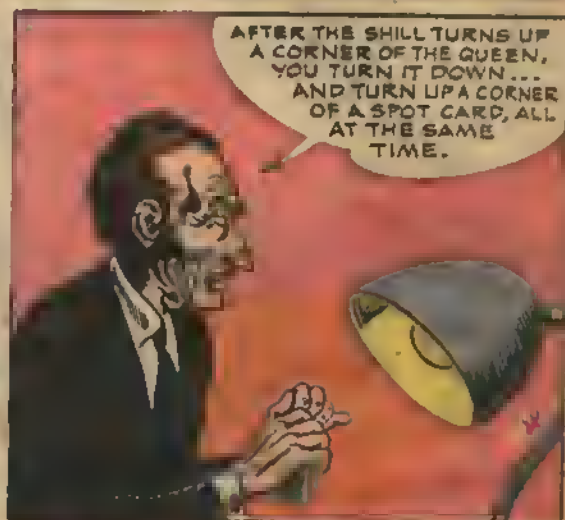
I'LL ADMIT EVERYTHING ON THE CHANCE IT WILL GO EASIER WITH ME. JUST LET ME SHOW YOU HOW I DID THE DEAL...

GO RIGHT AHEAD, FRISCO.





# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION





# DON'T BE A SUCKER

"To my knowledge," stated Griff the Grifter, "there is just one thing on the carnival lot that isn't gaffed — and that thing is the Ferris Wheel. But" — he added this with a solemn nod "if anybody asked me to bet a buck on which car would be at the bottom of the Ferris Wheel when it stops, I wouldn't take a chance. I'd know then that somebody had figured a gaff for the thing. Otherwise, nobody would be offering to put up moola."

"Ever hear of a racket?" queried Griff. "Well, the carnival biz is the original racket. Back when I first came with it — that's going on forty years now — we used to say 'He's in the racket' whenever we referred to another carney."

We went along. A blatant cry greeted us: "Pop 'em in the bucket! Pop 'em in the bucket!" The bucket in question was slanted in back of a counter that was stocked with cheap baseballs and the idea very obviously was to toss a ball into the bucket without having it bounce out. There were three of these buckets in a line and three players were trying to sink baseballs with easy, underhand lobs.

So easy, you just couldn't miss.

That was how it looked, but not how it worked out. The players were placing them in the buckets, but the balls wouldn't stay. Always one popped out, usually the third and last. "Too bad," the grifter behind the counter would say. "Close, but no cigar! No prize this time, but better luck next time!" Only next time, the player invariably missed one ball again.

"I do not have to be a mind reader," declared Griff as he led us on our way, "to reveal your thoughts concerning the bucket game."

You are thinking that the player must get nervous on the final ball and that is why he misses."

"The truth is," stated Griff, "that the operator gets careful. He steps on a pedal alongside the bucket platform and a second bottom presses up against the bucket. The double bottom is tight as a drum and a ball is sure to bounce out when it hits there. Cute, the way the grifter stands close to root that last ball home, like he really wanted the chump to win for once. He has to stand close to step on the gaff."

Griff stopped next at a counter where players were taking turns bombarding a big stuffed tomcat that was perched on a stand near the back canvas. Every now and then, somebody scored a direct hit that flattened the huge cat, but nobody seemed to win. The reason was soon explained.

"Gotta knock him off!" the operator shrieked. "Gotta knock Big Tom off the stand! Here, grandpop!" — he trust a ball into Griff's hand — "you look like an old time ball player. Why don't you try? This one's on the house."

Griff sighted on Big Tom, winged a swift pitch that caught the stuffed cat amidships and knocked it clear of the stand. By the time the object landed on the ground, the concession was doing a land office business. Players were buying throws on a three-for-a-quarter basis, all sure they could emulate the speed and skill of an old codger like Griff.

They were knocking Big Tom over when we left, but still nobody but Griff could sweep him off the perch. Griff told us why, when we were safely along the Midway.



"The cat is weighted at the bottom," Griff explained, "so heavily that you can knock it down, but never off."

"Never off? But you knocked it off."

"Never off," repeated Griff. "if the cat is set where it should be, against a pin at the front of the shelf. But to encourage trade, the operator sometimes sets the cat at a spot a few inches back. Then, when you knock it down, it will topple off the back of the shelf, since it is overbalanced."

"Then the operator recognized you and set the gaff for you to win?"

"You are patching on quickly, chump," expressed Griff. "Excuse me, I mean chum. Yes, like the Bucket Game, Big Tom is tried and true. When a game never grows old, you know it's got something. Still, new ones do keep cropping up. I'll show you."

Griff took us to a most curious contrivance. Behind a counter was a large pedestal from which a stream of air blew steadily upward, keeping a hundred or more ping-pong balls floating in constant circulation. The thing was fascinating to watch, the balls being literally balanced on the continual current. However, since they were always getting in each other's way, the result was a swirl in which balls would drop down into a vortex, then get blown up again. Hence the whole mass was in a haphazard, ever-shifting formation.

The coy girl behind the counter took a net and dipped it into a whirl of balls. The net was transparent, so you saw that it went in empty before it came out bringing a ball. The girl took the ball from the net, showed a number that was stamped on it. She smiled.

"See how lucky I am?" The girl said. "Number Nine. That's one of the low numbers" — she gestured to a chart, — "and you'd have gotten a big prize if you'd picked this ball. Why don't you try?"

Griff nodded, so we tried, after the girl had tossed the Nine Ball back into the swirl. But every ball we netted — at a dime a ball — had a number higher than ten. Those high numbers just didn't count. We couldn't even win a tin whistle.

"Don't tell us that game is gaffed, Griff," we argued as we walked away. "It was just bad luck. The girl picked a good one, only we didn't."

"That," stated Griff, "was skill — not chance."

"You mean it wasn't a game of chance?"

"The Blower, as it is familiarly known," declared Griff, "is not a game of chance, because the customer has no chance. Behind the counter,

the girl was able to dip down deep into the whirl of ping-pong balls. That's where the low numbers stay."

"You mean they don't blow as high as the bigger numbers? Why not, Griff?"

"Because, my boy, they are previously treated with a hypodermic syringe. Not doped in the usual fashion, though they are given a shot of mercury, which allows them to balance and behave normally in the air-current — except that they keep low. Low numbers — stay low! Then the simsps can't reach them."

Griff was still chuckling over the Blower and its ways when we stopped beside a platform where customers were tossing dimes on cigarette packs that were lying there. All the packs were of the sort that had a big printed circle on the side. The object was to land a coin there.

"Here's your chance to be lucky!" the grifter told the customers. "Get your cigarettes at a dime a carton! Lay a dime completely in the circle and win a carton of cigarettes."

Those dimes just wouldn't stay in the circle. Always, they slid over the edge and a good many of them flopped off the pack entirely. The platform was nearly carpeted with dimes when we left.

"A nice gaff," nodded Griff, approvingly. "Sort of factory-made. Whoever invented cellophane must have wanted to help out the carney grifters. There's just too much slide; a dime never will stop inside the circle."

As a contrast between the new and old, Griff steered us to another cigarette game, one we'd often seen before. Packs of cigarettes were stand on little glass shelves and the game was to knock them off with corks fired from a pop-gun.

We tried our marksmanship and missed with surprising regularity. Just as you'd get the feel of a gun, you'd find your aim was off worse than ever. The corks varied in weight, but after you'd caught onto that, you still couldn't score many hits. At last Griff gave the operator a wink.

"Hold the gun away from you," Griff suggested, "and then look straight along the barrel."

You could see it easily. Somebody had put the gun in a vise and bent the barrel ever so slightly. What it did to your aim was plenty. The better the marksman, the more it hurt.

"And that," Griff decided, "is the neatest gaff along the Midway."

We'd found out one thing from old Griff, the Grifter. The more you see of carnival games, the more you recognize the odds against you. Don't be deceived by occasional winners. They are almost invariably "shills" working with the concessions.

# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

MY NAME IS SIDNEY RADNER AND I COVER THE COUNTRY EXPOSING CROOKED GAMBLERS. THEY'RE FOUND EVERYWHERE, EVEN IN BOWLING ALLEYS WHICH ARE LITERALLY ON THE LEVEL... AND HERE IS HOW SUCH CROOKS TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HONEST BOWLERS... THE STORY OF TWO GAMBLERS, TIM AGNEW AND JERRY GREBB...

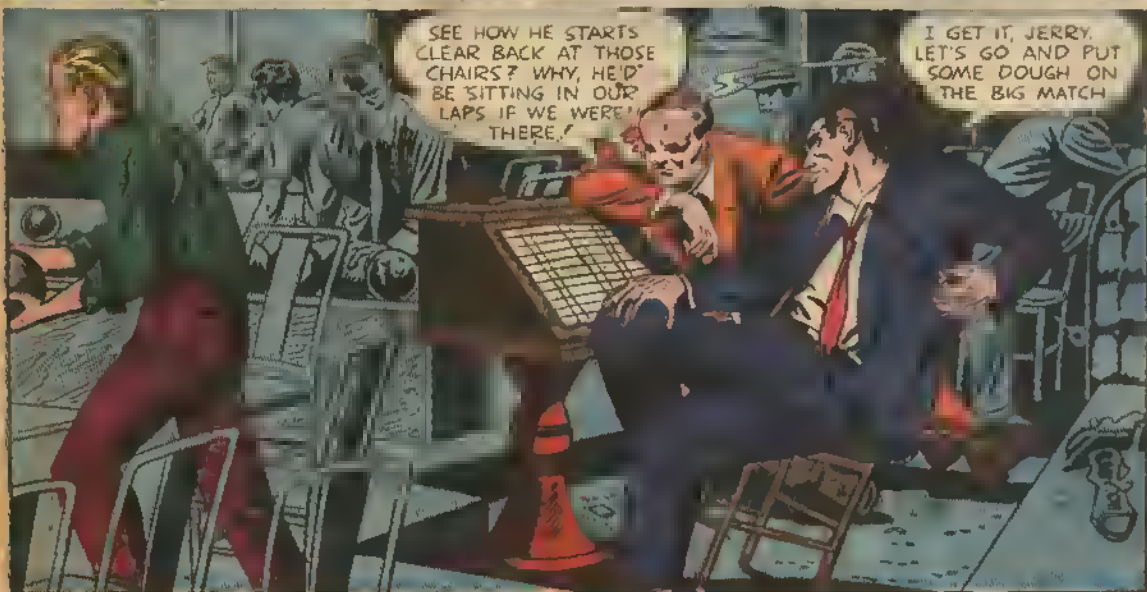
GAMBLERS NEVER GAMBLE. THEY PREFER SURE MONEY WHEN MAKING A BET. THEIR MOTTO IS...

## HOOK LINE and SUCKER!



THAT RAY DOZO SURE LOOKS LIKE THE COMING CHAMP. JERRY THERE HE GOES WITH ANOTHER STRIKE!

YEAH, TIM. BUT I'M MORE INTERESTED IN HIS WIND-UP. WATCH WHEN HE BOWLS AGAIN!

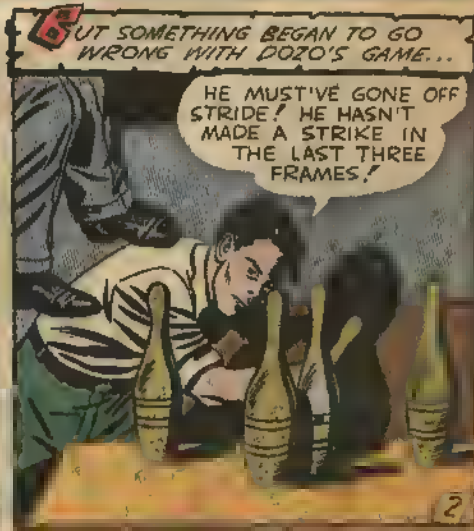
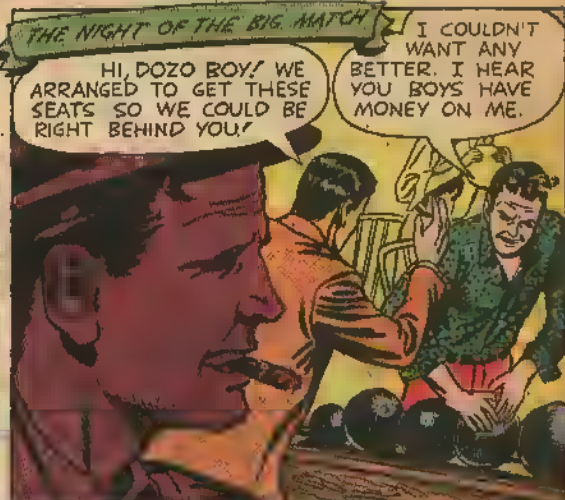
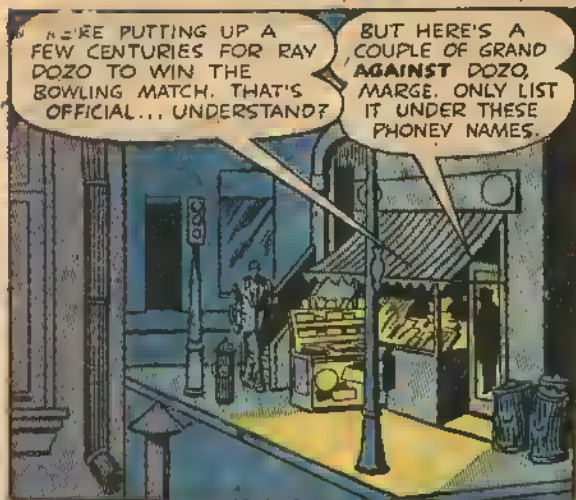


SEE HOW HE STARTS CLEAR BACK AT THOSE CHAIRS? WHY, HE'D BE SITTING IN OUR LAPS IF WE WERE THERE!

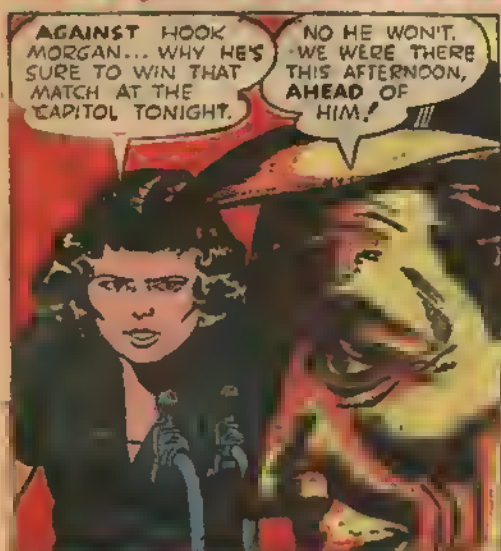
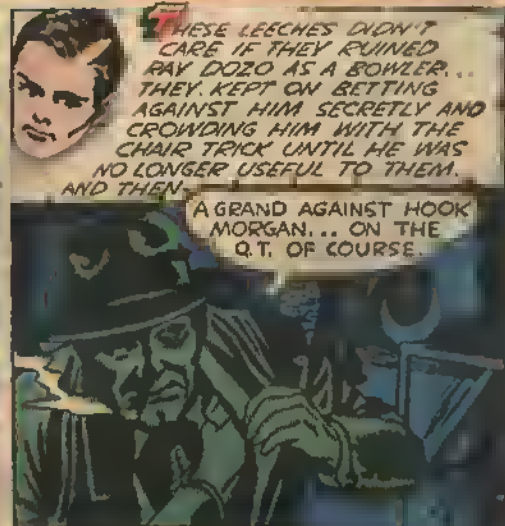
I GET IT, JERRY. LET'S GO AND PUT SOME DOUGH ON THE BIG MATCH



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

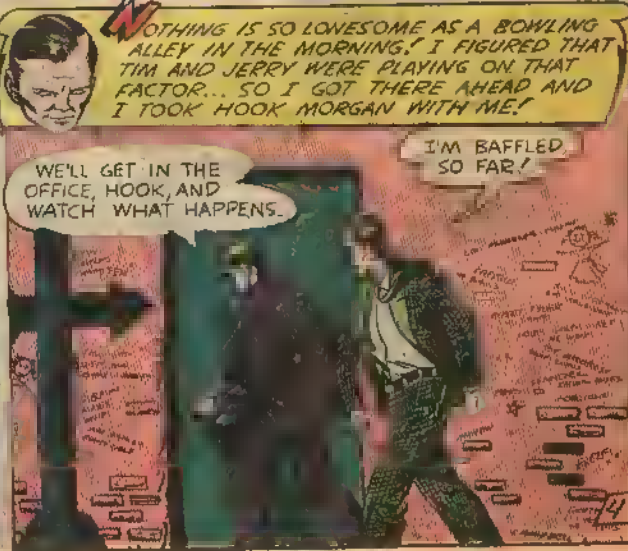
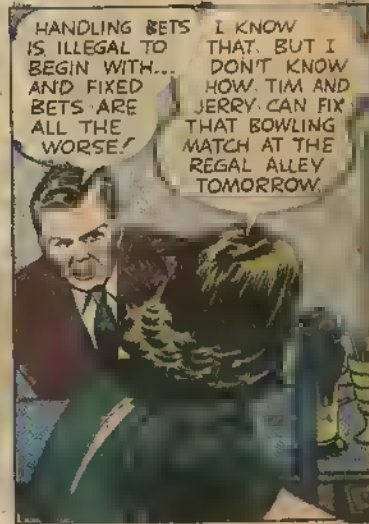
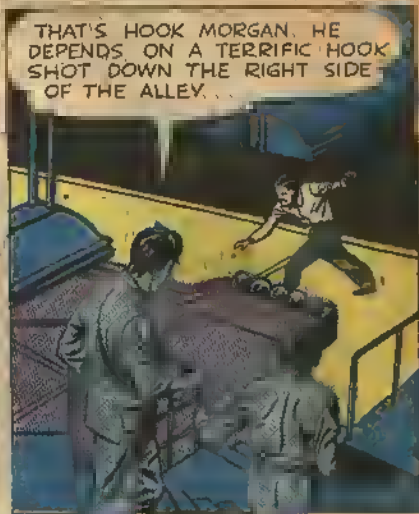
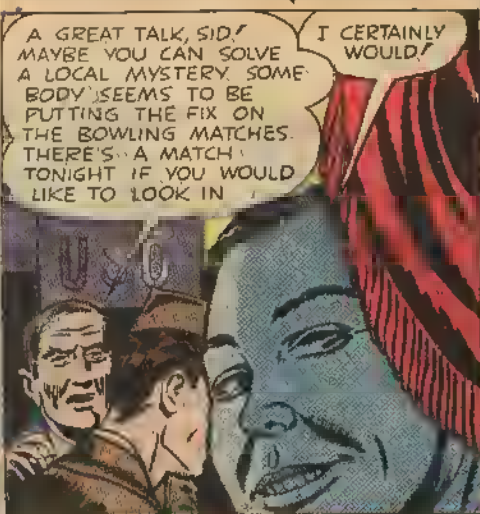
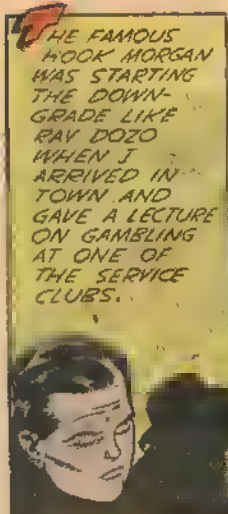


# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION





# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

**W**E HADN'T MORE THAN AN HOUR TO WAIT BEFORE OUR MEN SHOWED UP, DISGUISED AS WORKMEN...

GET BUSY WITH THE SAND-PAPER, JERRY, WHILE I LOOK AROUND.

THERE'S NOBODY HERE, TIM. LEND ME A HAND SO WE CAN FINISH QUICKER



THIS WILL DO. WE DON'T CARE IF HIS HOOK DOES WORK AFTER IT GETS THIS FAR!

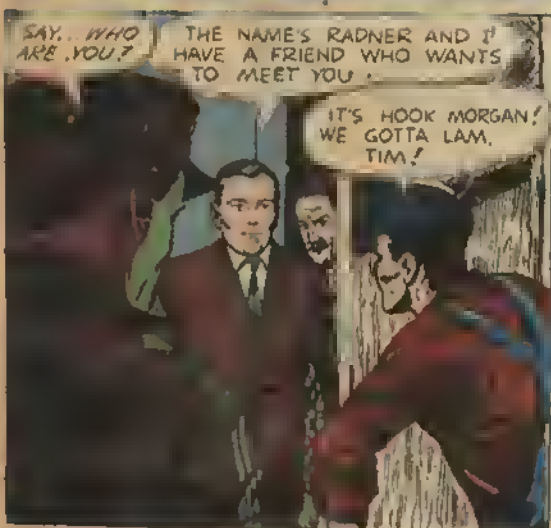
HOOK WILL JUST THINK HIS GAME IS OFF AS USUAL!



SAY, WHO ARE YOU?

THE NAME'S RADNER AND I HAVE A FRIEND WHO WANTS TO MEET YOU.

IT'S HOOK MORGAN! WE GOTTA LAM, TIM!



YES, IT'S HOOK MORGAN... AND HERE'S WHERE I PUT THE HOOK ON YOU, AGNEW!



IF IT ISN'T MY OLD BUDDY, JERRY GRESS REMEMBER ME. RAY DOZO!

NICE GOING RAY!



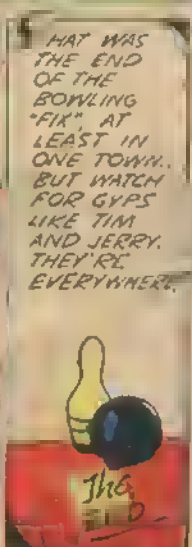
**LATER**

I'VE STILL GOT MY HOOK WHEN I USE A REGULAR ALLEY!

AND YOU'LL BE IN FORM TOO, RAY IF YOU DON'T LET WRONG GUYS WORK THE CHAIR TRICK ON YOU!



HAT WAS THE END OF THE BOWLING "FIX" AT LEAST IN ONE TOWN... BUT WATCH FOR GYPS LIKE TIM AND JERRY. THEY'RE EVERYWHERE.





RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

# DR. NEFF

INSPECTOR KEY IN

## SMASHING SPOOK RACKET



DOCTOR "BILL" NEFF

FOR YEARS, DOCTOR NEFF HAS TRAVELED FROM COAST TO COAST, THRILLING AND CHILLING THE AMERICAN PUBLIC WITH HIS COMBINATION MYSTERY AND GHOST SHOW... NOW MEET THIS ACTUAL PERSONAGE OF THE STAGE IN A FAST FICTION ADVENTURE...

YOU KNOW, MAZY, NEFF MAY BE JUST THE CHAP TO CRACK DOWN ON PROFESSOR LORENZO AND HIS SPOOK RACKET.

HERE'S HOPING, INSPECTOR.

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT, DON'T WORRY. NOTHING CAN HAPPEN... OH, NO, MAYBE I SPOKE TOO SOON.

GRRAA

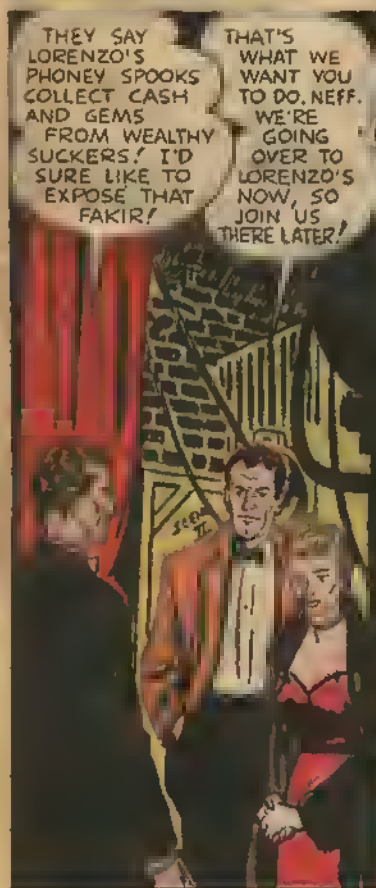
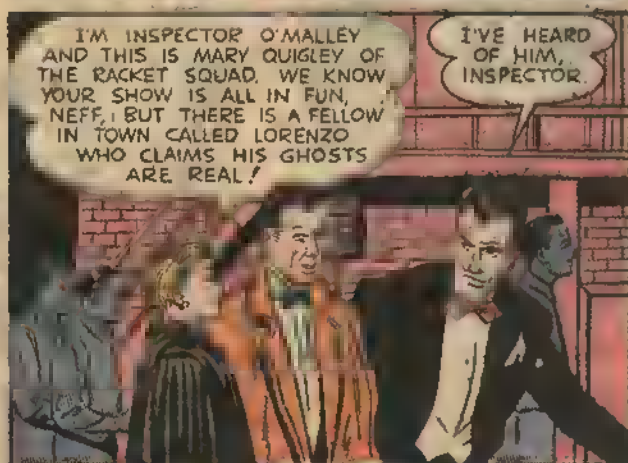
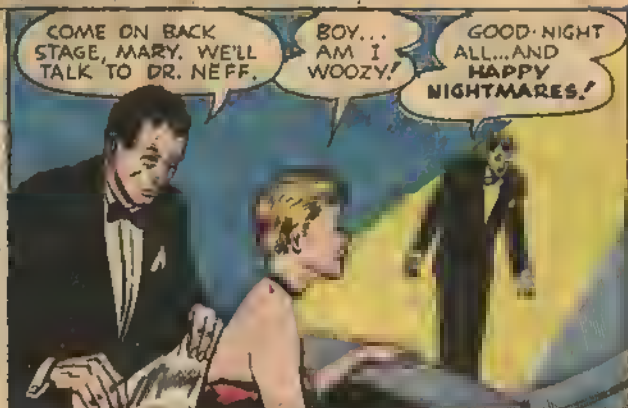
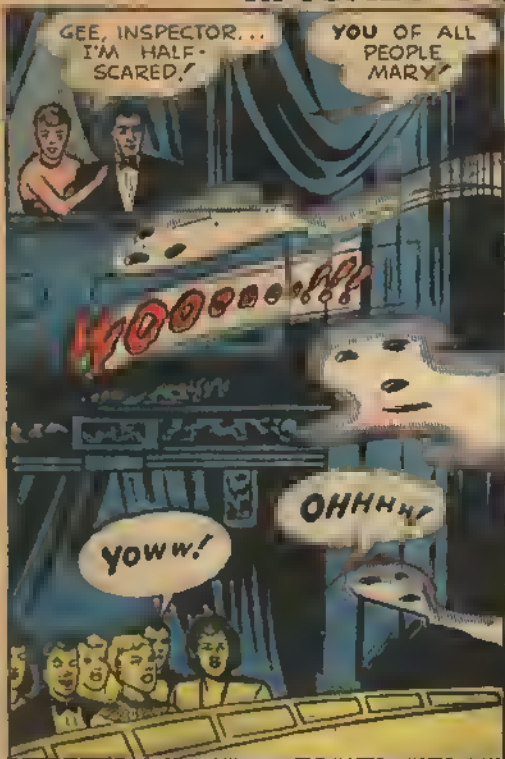
YOW!

PHHH!

WOW!

LISTEN TO THAT AUDIENCE! I'LL BET THIS WOULD THROW "A CHILL INTO THAT PHONEY LORENZO."

# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION





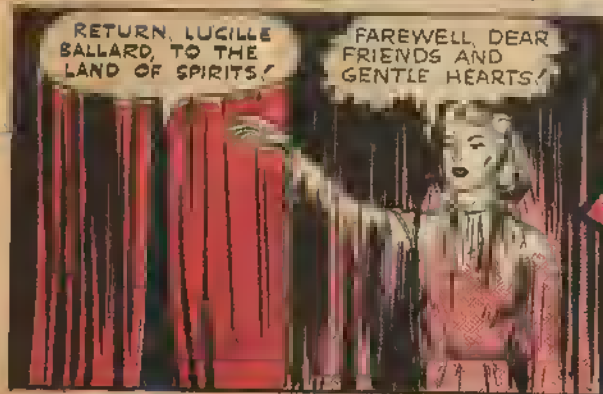
# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



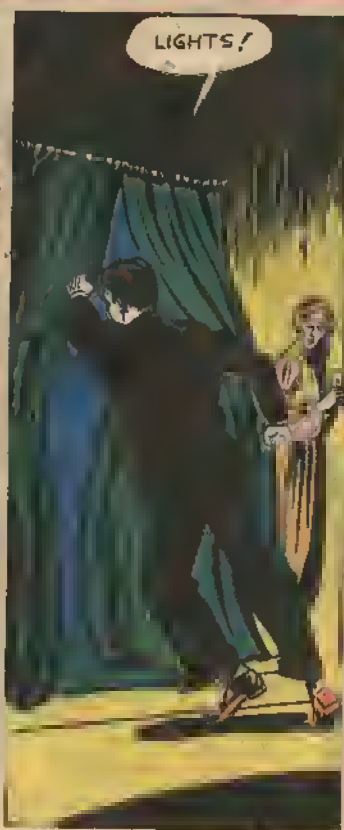
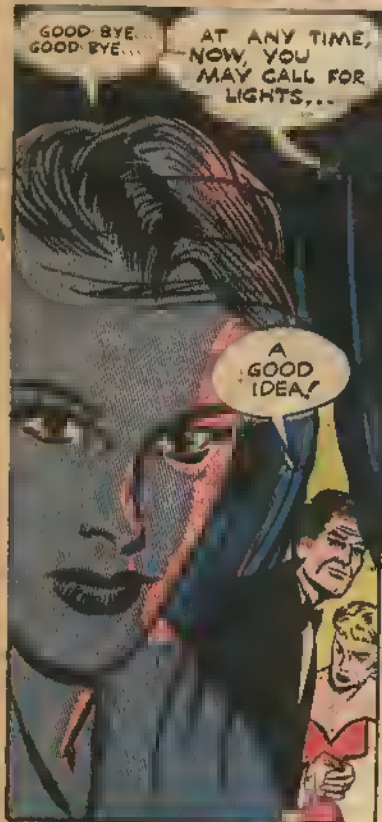
**S**OON AFTER THE LIGHTS WERE EXTINGUISHED, WEIRD THINGS HAPPENED IN THE EERIE GLOW OF RED BULBS IN FRONT OF LORENZO'S CABINET!



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

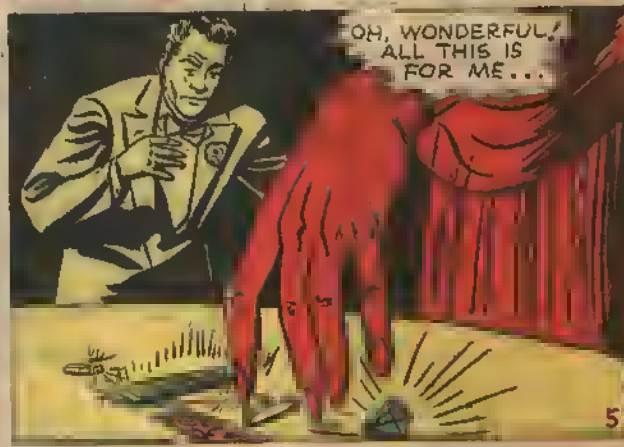
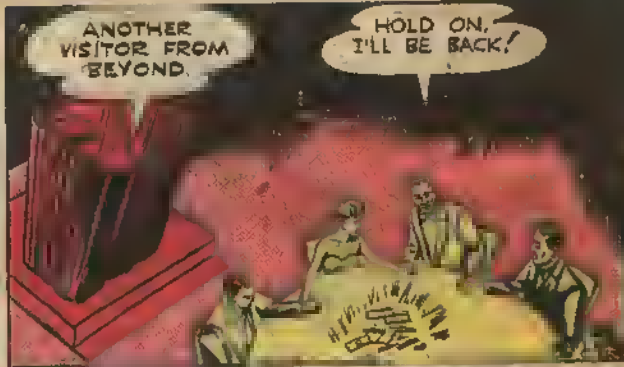
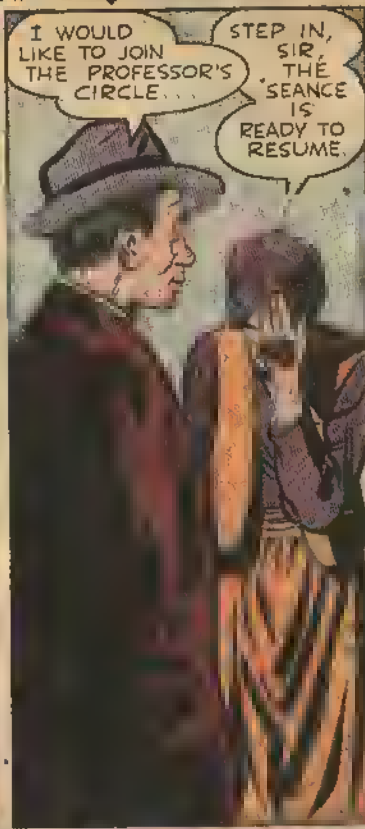


THAT WAS JUST THE START OF A PARADE OF SPOOKS THAT, CAME AND LEFT WITH THEIR LOOT... AND ALL THE WHILE LORENZO KEPT UP A RUNNING COMMENT...

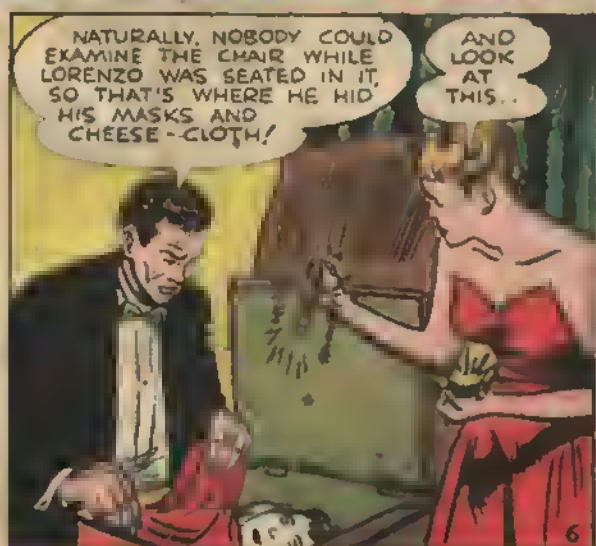




# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION





# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

THE MONEY AND JEWELRY  
THAT THOSE OTHER "SPOOKS"  
TOOK! IT'S ALL THE EVIDENCE  
WE NEED.



WE'LL ADD THESE TO THE  
OTHER EXHIBITS, LORENZO.  
I'M TAKING YOU TO  
HEADQUARTERS WITH THAT  
HINDU ACCOMPLICE  
OF YOURS...



HEY! I'LL HANDLE  
THIS HINDU WILD CAT.  
BUT SOMEBODY  
STOP LORENZO!



HURRY... HE'LL  
GET AWAY!

DON'T WORRY, I'LL  
STOP HIM WITH A  
HYPNOTIC PASS!



BUT HOW  
IN THE WORLD?

LORENZO TRIPPED  
OVER THIS ALARM -  
WIRE THAT ABKAR  
PLACED HERE IN CASE  
THE PLACE WAS  
RAIDED.



I NOTICED THE  
WIRE AND AVOIDED  
IT COMING IN, BUT  
LORENZO FORGOT  
IT GOING OUT!

COME ON,  
PROFESSOR, YOUR  
"SPOOKS" WILL  
BE WAITING AT  
HEADQUARTERS.



THAT WAS THE FINISH OF PROFESSOR  
LORENZO'S SPOOK RACKET, THANKS  
TO DOCTOR NEFF, THE FAMOUS  
GHOST-BREAKER! WHEN NEFF  
AND HIS SHOW COME YOUR  
WAY, WATCH FOR THEM!!!

J. J. O'Malley

THE  
END

# THE NUMBERS RACKET

"RUNNERS" WHO COLLECT BETS HANG AROUND SCHOOLS AND RECREATION CENTERS AND ENCOURAGE YOUNGSTERS TO BET THEIR LUNCH MONEY ON THE NUMBERS.



THE NUMBERS GAME - ORIGINATED IN CUBA AND BECAME ONE OF THE BIGGEST RACKETS IN THIS COUNTRY. A PARTICULARLY VICIOUS PHASE OF THE GAME IS AFFECTING THE HEALTH OF SCHOOL BOYS AND GIRLS.

ON SOME CITIES IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT CASES OF ACTUAL UNDER-NOURISHMENT DEVELOPED IN CHILDREN PLAYING THE RACKET WITH THEIR LUNCH AND MILK MONEY. DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!

## APPEAR SLIMMER INSTANTLY!

With the Amazing  
TUMMY FLATTENING **COMMANDER**

Only \$2.98

INTERLOCKING HANDS OF FIRM SUPPORT\*



Test now how you'll feel wearing the COMMANDER this way. Clasp hands across the abdomen as shown and press up and in. Feel good? Protruding stomach held in? That's how you'll look and feel when you put on the COMMANDER. No leg bands, buckles, straps or laces. Changeable clutch piece.

WARD GREEN CO., Dept. TR-9

113 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.  
Rush COMMANDER on approval in Plain Wrapper by Return Mail. I'll pay postman \$2.98 plus postage. If not delighted with immediate results, I may return in 10 days for immediate refund.  
(Special Large Sizes 48 to 60—\$3.98.)

MY WAIST MEASURE IS.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

☐ I enclose \$2.98 [or \$3.98 for sizes 48 to 60] Ward Green Co. pays postage. Some refund after hold.

☐ Also send..... extra clutch pieces. (75¢ each, 2 for \$2.00.)

### FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER!

SEND NO MONEY! Convince yourself. See the amazing difference with your own eyes. Try the appearance reducing COMMANDER at our expense. If not delighted with the immediate results, return in 10 days for immediate refund. Sent in Plain Wrapper by Return Mail. Don't Wait! Act NOW!

\*TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE



Reducing Specialist Says:  
**LOSE WEIGHT**

Where  
It  
Shows  
Most

**REDUCE**

MOST ANY  
PART OF  
THE  
BODY WITH

**ELECTRIC**

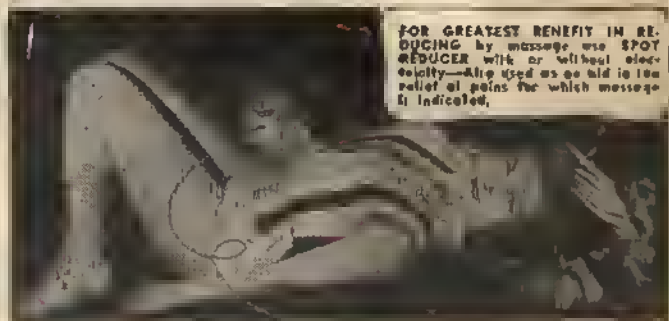
**Spot Reducer**

Relaxing • Soothing  
Penetrating Massage

PLUG IN  
GRASP  
HANDLE  
AND  
APPLY



UNDERWRITERS  
LABORATORIES  
ELECTRIC  
CORPORATION



FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use SPOT REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

**TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!**

**Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY**

Without Risking  
HEALTH

**L**IKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish: Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, throat, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATY ISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste that helps you regain and keep a finer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

**YOUR OWN PRIVATS MASSEUR AT HOME**

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that see be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handily made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish bath—MASSAGE!

**TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!**

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman \$5.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

**SEND ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!**

**ALSO USE IT FOR ACES AND PAINS**



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Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. How you sleep when massage can be of benefit.



**MUSCULAR ACES:**

A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

**LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE**

**USED BY EXPERTS**

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, neck, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

**ORDER IT TODAY!**

**SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. 6-94**

**318 Marks St., Newark, New Jersey**

Please send me the Standard Model SPOT REDUCER for 10 days trial period. I enclose \$1.00, upon arrival I will pay postman only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$12.95. Send Deluxe Model, postage pre-paid.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ **SAVE POSTAGE**—check here if you enclose \$12.95 for Deluxe Model. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

☐ I enclose \$9.95. Send Standard Model.

**LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE**